Heraclitus Ridens:

AT

A Dialogue between Jeſt and Earneſt, concerning the Times.

Tueſday, October the 4th. 1681.

Jeſt. VERY good! *London*, Printed for *R. Good-fellow* 1681. Let me ſee, A *Juſt, and Modeſt Vindication*, &c. this muſt be a Fairy Addreſs, that's certain, I remember King *Oberon* had ſuch a one preſented to him, and gracious Queen *Mab* laughing at the little blew Apron-fry of Sir *Wouldbees*; preſently came out a juſt and modeſt Vindication of their Rattoonſhips. I remember it as well as if it were but Yeſterday. It began thus:

Great little Sir the Prince of Faunees
Sucking Pols, blew-Apron Sprites,
We've ſpy'd Sham-Plots through Tory Crannies
Which ſorely our Indentures Frights;
With this Addreſs
We therefore preſt
Although we know not what to do,
But being bid
And fearing to be chid
By Bobadiddle, *Good-fellow*, &c.

Earn. What? more work for a Tinker ſtill?

Jeſt. Work quothe, do but look here; have you any laughing left about you? if ever you ſaw ſuch another juſt and modeſt Vindication in all the days of your life, I'le give you leave to take me and hang *Robin Good-fellow*.

Earn. Prithe, who is the famous Author?

Jeſt. Who ſhould be think you, but King *Oberon*'s Boot-catcher; Oh, 'tis a plaguy witty Elf. Here's *Greek* and *Latin*, here's Poetry and Proſe, here's Hiſtory and Myſtery; here's Rime, and ſhould be Reaſon too, an't ſhall pleaſe you.

Earn. And is there no Reflection upon the King and the Government?

Jeſt. Oh Sir! that's the Sauce, the Wit could not be poignant without it; your Vindications would be the moſt dull and inſipid things in the World, if they were not ſoundly pepper'd and ſalted with damnable Loyalty and Reflection: as for Example, Mr. *Boot-catcher* gravely tells you, that it is in the firſt place very requiſite to ſatisfie the Publique, by giving ſome tolerable Reaſons why the little Whiglets engag'd themſelves in ſuch an Affair, and to inform the whole World, That it was not out of ambition to be Knighted, nor to obtain the moſt ſumptuous Treats, that others have *immerito* met with.

Earn. Ay, there's your young man for ſervice, there he peppers it indeed.

Jeſt. A Loyal Puppy, I warrant you for all that; here's his Majeſty charged with miſplacing his Favour and Honour in Knighting ſome worthy Loyal Gentlemen who preſented their dutiful acknowledgments, and in plain Engliſh this Loyal Coxcomb of a *Pedant*, who would be well whip'd into better manners, does e'en as good as tell the King, Sir, you do not know what you have done; you gave a brace a Bucks to a Company of idle Boys who did not deſerve it; for in Reality as he ſays after, their number was Inſignificant, their Civility little, and their Loyalty leaſt of all.

Earn. This is, *Oh fine Tony! Was ever Potent Monarch ſo School'd?*

Jeſt. But then he comes to his Reaſon, why they ſhould concern themſelves in things not properly belonging to them, conſidering they are but Apprentices? and becauſe there is never a Why, but there is a Wherefore, he gives you a ſwinging Reaſon, which is like the Book that was preſented to King *James*, paſſes all Underſtanding. Why, we anſwer quoth he, 'Were ſome in our ſtation 'encouraged (by ſuch who would be fain account-'ed *WISE-MEN*) to intermeddle with State-af-'fairs, that are infinitely above any of their Degree 'or Competency of Judgment? thereby giving an 'ill Example to others whoſe thoughts and inclina-'tions were otherwiſe bent; till they had gotten 'an ill Precedent, which, by the influence and In-'ſtigation of ſome ſoft-headed Gentlemen, they 'were prevailed upon to imitate.

Earn. Why, this is a ſpecial Reaſon in my mind as he could have found out, if he would have hang'd himſelf for a Reaſon.

Jeſt. Come, you are good at picking out Reaſons.

Earn. Why? Look you Sir, he tells you as plain as he can, that it was out of Oppoſition to the Ill Example, the ill Preſident which the Loyal Apprentices gave by their Addreſs. And that though theſe many little Thouſands knew no more what belonged to State-affairs than their blew Aprons, yet they are reſolved to intermeddle with them; though as he ſays, things infinitely above any of their Degree or Competency of Judgment, only becauſe they would follow an ill Example, an ill Preſident, which he ſays was ſet them.

Jeſt. By the ſame Reaſon, they may take a ſwing as *Stephen* did at *Oxon*, if all Examples and Preſidents be ſuch powerful Reaſons.

Earn. If they follow the ſame *Boot-catcher* they are in the ready Road. he's teaching them to Libel the King and Government, and that was the beginning of the *Joyners* Trade.

Jeſt. Oh but Sir, they were affraid of the Pigs, he tells you.

Earn. Nay, for the Elegant Metaphor he bears the Bell away,

away, the Loyal Youths were the Wolf, the City the Sow, and the poor Pigs were the little grunting Thousands.

Jest. Well, speak softly, prithe have a care of waking little Bob, he's fallen into a sweet Rapture, and talks in his sleep; Oh! that they who so much pretend to the *true Protestant Religion*, that they compel their Fellow-protestants to join with them in giving their assent and consent to what the Scripture no where warrants, *&c.*

Earn. Why, does the Scripture warrant so many little Thousands to give their assent or consent to Addresses?

Jest. Look now; you have spoiled as good a Parenthesis as ever was whined out of a Conventicle; I say, Oh, that they would act like Qu. *Elizabeths* Protestants.

Earn. What, the Protestants that framed the Act of 35 of *Eliz.*, or those that hanged up *Penry, Barrow, Coppinger* and the rest of that *true Protestant* Gang does he mean?

Jest. No, No, that they would act like them in desiring. That more faithful Labourers should be added to God's Vineyard.

Earn. What, more *Anabaptist, Quaking, Independent, Presbyterian* Labourers? he had e'en as good desired us to pray that the wild Boar of the Forrest, and all the Herd might be turned in, to destroy it Root and branch; we know these Rooting Labourers by woful Experience. Do but observe how these treacherous Vindicators poison these little Babes of Grace even out of the sucking Bottle; for I dare warrant you the Author of this *Modest Vindication* is a zealous Holder-forth, and this Paper is designed to infect the younger and growing breed of the City with an Opinion, that the present Church is a most persecuting and Antichristian Church, and no more like your Qu. *Elizabeths true Protestants* than an Appie is like an Oyster.

Jest. That's most certain.

Earn. Well, you shall see now, that Qu. *Elizabeths true Protestants* were so far from being of this stamp, and for praying for more of these Labourers to be added to the Vineyard, that they were the briskest promoters of what our Whigs call *Persecution*; and had our *Boot-catcher* lived in Qu. *Besses* days, and endeavoured thus to seduce the younger sort from their Allegiance and their Church, she would have laboured him for his pains, and made him leave his prick Ears behind him. Not to repeat the severe Laws and proceedings against these forementioned Labourers, in the Year 1560. she set forth her Proclamation against *Anabaptists*, commanding them and such like Hereticks, which had flocked to the Towns in *England* from the parts beyond the Seas, under colour of shunning Persecution, and had spread the Poison of their Sects in *England*, to depart the Realm within 20 days, whether they were natural born people of the Land or Forciners, upon pain of imprisonment and loss of Goods.

Jest. That was praying for Labourers and paying them too, I think.

Earn. And we forsooth must not be true Qu. *Elizabeths Protestants*, because we will not pray that the spawn of these *Anabaptists, Presbytrians* and *Brownists* &c. may be sent into the Vineyard, whose Ancestor Labourers, Qu. *Elizabeth* thought so dangerous both to the Church and Kingdom, that she made them pack up their Pipes and march immediately, she thank'd them for their love, she was for no such Labourers; and how we throve with these Labourers from 40 to 60, all the World knows; these were the Labourers that cryed, *this is the Heir, come, let us kill him, that the Vineyard may be ours*; these were the Labourers that not only said so, but did so; and let them talk what they will, the Devil who was a *murderer from the beginning* is every whit as good a *true Protestant* as these Journey-men Labourers.

Jest. Hark, Hark, *Bob*'s awake, don't you hear him; oh, he was full of Bowels of Mercy, Compassion, Moderation and Charity when he lay down to take his Nap, and dreamt of the Labourers, and the good man never wakes without a Prayer in his mouth; let's hear it.

Earn. Oh, the *Popish Observator*, the Brazen-fac'd *Heraclitus*, the debauch'd, Whoring, Damming, Tantivy Massmongers.

Jest. Call ye me that his *Praying?* in our Town we call it *calling of Names.*

Earn. Ay, thus the man of Compassion, Moderation and Charity teaches the young Whiglets to say their prayers.

Jest. Who does he mean by all this debauch'd Whoring, Damming, Tantivy?

Earn. Why, it may be he means the *Moorfield* Bull; for just at his lying down he was Englishing *Nodum in scirpo*, seeking a knot in the Bull-rush, and there he found one in that faithful and painful Labourer, whose Civility, Innocency and Integrity of life has for ever silenced the notorious falsities and unchristian-like Scandals with which the poor Labourers are aspersed by that old mercenary carping *Zoilus R.* and that Brazen-fac'd *Heraclitus.*

Jest. Ay, those same Fellows, *Observator* and *Harry Clitus* they are a couple of impudent Rogues, that same *Harry Clitus* they say stands laughing at you and me where ever he comes, and for my part I say let him laugh, I'le laugh with him for what he dares, but prithe tell me, what make the Whigs so angry with him and the *Observator?*

Earn. Why truly, the Labourers are building a Wall of Partition between the *true Protestants* and the *Masquerades* and *Tories*, and in this Wall they would secure the King, and Protestant Religion, and these two Roguing Fellows *Nobs* and *Harry*, they pull it down by day as fast as the other build it by night, and that mads them so to the very guts, that they call them all the names they can think of.

Jest. Well, and what would they by this Wall shut out all but themselves?

Earn. Yes, by the way of *mixing Protestants*, all *Tories, Tantivies, Masquerades, and Popishly affected* must be excluded from the Church and State, and the *true Protestant Reformers, Anabaptists, Presbyterians, Independents, Quakers*, &c. must be the men that must Govern all in order to the Happiness of the King and Kingdom.

Jest. But for Gods sake, who are these *Tories* and *Tantivies?*

Earn. Shall I give you a list of them.

Jest. Ay, do.

Earn. Imprimis, There are all your *Abhorrers*, especially such as abhor the Traiterous Position of taking up Arms against his Majesty and those Commissionated by him; *Item*, All your Bishops, and Tantivy Clergy-men, Prebends, Parsons, Vicars and Curates, your *jure Divinists*, who have renounced the Covenant, and given Assent and Consent, taken the Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, which is equally odious to a Whig and Papist. *Item*, All the Nobility except 33. *Item*, All the Gentry, Knights, Cirizens, Burgesses and Freemen of *England* and *Wales*, who have been guilty of the late Loyal Addresses of Thanks to his Majesty for his Gracious Declaration.

Jest. A very goodly Company! God bless them. Well, and what is the Crime of *Harry* and the *Observator* now?

Earn. Oh, they persuade both the King and the People that these persons of steady Loyalty to himself and his Father, for which they suffered 28 years most barbarous Persecution by the Whigs, are his best Subjects, and that the Whigs and Papists who cut his Fathers throat, and banished his present Majesty out of his own Dominions, are not only the worst, but most unfit to be trusted.

Jest. And is this all? Why, this is no more than the Proverb, He that cheats me once, cheats me, but if I am cheated twice, I cheat my self; Or as the Glorious Martyr gave in Command to his Sacred Majesty, *to forgive these People, but never trust them; for*, says he, *if ever you stand in need of them, or must stand to their Courtesie, you are undone.*

Earn. Well, you shall see in what Catalogue of their Esteem that Glorious Martyr stands. See *quere* the 8. *pag.* 2. of the several weighty *Queres* concerning *Heraclitus* and the *Observator*, &c. printed by *Matthew Burdid*, *Whether that story be true that the* Observator *is so intoxicated with his late present*, &c. *that he is going to bind up all his sheets in Super-Royal Paper and present them; and that they are to stand next to* Dr. Heylin's *History of* Presbytery, *or the works of King* Charles *the first?* Thus it was first printed, though out of fear to be called over the Coals, it was in some after Copies left out, and in others blotted out with a Pen and Ink; this is in Epitome the Veneration which the Whigs have for the late Glorious Martyr, and his Sacred Majesty, and because they can no sooner creep out of their Holes, but the *Observator* and *Harry*, take them by the seditious Ears, and shew them to the people; these Vermine do so bepapish & betory them.

Jest. Well! we'l pull a Crow with these weighty *Queries* and Mr. Embracer of Juries, who is teaching them the way to be forsworn and go to the Devil for Gods sake, and to preserve his Majesties person, by vilifying the Evidence that should save him both from Popish and Whiggish Plots and Plotters, and for our friend *Harry*'s being a Papist, tell them he defies them and all the World to find so much Popery in all that ever he had said, as is every day by Dr. *Oat*'s depositions to be found in a Conventicle.

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